THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

GRAVE issues are, it seems, now depending upon the "uncertain *mercies* of an autumn-day." The Royal "progress," which is fixed to come off to-day, far surpasses in interest and importance any of the ordinary pageants in which Royalty is wont to figure. It is not that, for the first time after so many years' interval, the Queen enters the City "in State," nor is it that money has been lavished, and preparations made, and expectations raised to the highest pitch. On none of these accounts would disappointment be very keenly felt, except by the few immediately concerned. If the Queen came into the City to receive a visitor, or to banquet with the Lord Mayor, it would matter little whether the transit was made through storm or sunshine. But in the present case the events to be commemorated are of far more importance. The new Bridge at Blackfriars, and the Holborn Viaduct, are structures which the London public will appreciate and enjoy for ever, whatever visitation of wind and rain may interfere with the punctual performance of the ceremonial. We must hope for the best. October has, at any rate, with its storms and frosts run up a debt which November ought to repay, and no fitter time for such repayment could be found than the few hours of to-day's fore and afternoon during which the Queen will declare the Blackfriar's Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct henceforth open for general traffic.

Two Cabinet Councils have been held since our last issue, on Saturday and Wednesday in the last week. At both only fourteen Ministers were present. But Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who was absent last week, has now come over from Dublin, being especially wanted to participate in deliberations, among which Irish questions take a principal place. The Ministerial absentee at both these councils is the Home Secretary, Mr. BRUCE, who has been in attendance at Balmoral, and accompanied the Queen in her journey from Perth to Windsor.

Another Ministerial "arrangement" has been announced during the week—namely, the appointment to a Lordship of the Treasury of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, Member for Whitby, and moreover son of the Prime Minister. This appointment has challenged much criticism, which seems to us uncalled for, or at all events premature. To be sure, this official statement was made in a style of almost unprecedented slovenliness by the *Times*, who told us in effect that the "abolition" of the post lately occupied by Mr. Stansfeld had created a "vacancy," which young Mr. Gladstone had been "selected" to fill, and that the country thereby saved £1,000 a year; but for this nonsense the Premier, who is a master of style in every way, could not be considered responsible; and to the selection itself at present and before trial we see no reason for objecting. When the late Mr. Burgess died he left an extensive and profitable business, chiefly in the "sauce and pickle" line, to which his eldest son naturally succeeded. But some family "jars" were also bequeathed among the rest of the inheritance, and so it came to pass that a younger son started as a pickle maker in the same name, and established a rivalry which Burgess senior sought to stop by an injunction from the Court of Equity. The case came for judgment before Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, who prefaced his decision by laying down some general principles. "It is," he said, "the undoubted right and privilege of every free Englishman to make pickles. Nor is it any bar to that right that his father made pickles before him. It is also the undoubted right and privilege of every Englishman to sign his own name on a fit occasion, nor is it any bar to that right that his father signed the same name before him." On this principle there is no reason why Mr. Gladstone junior should not be a puisne Lord of the Treasury merely because Mr. Gladstone senior happens to be First Lord. Let every one be judged upon his merits.

These changes, however, show that the Gladstonian arrangements for the Treasury department, though they have only been in operation a few months, do not work smoothly. In the preceding and several previous Administrations there were five "Lords of the Treasury" and a staff generally supposed to be quite sufficient. Of these the First Lord was also Prime Minister; while the Second Lord was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and both had their hands full of other business; so that it was left to the three Junior Lords to do the work of the Treasury itself. When the new Government came into office last December, a real change took place. The five Lords were made six, Mr. Stansfeld being seated at the Board, but upon the distinct understanding that his function was simply to check extravagance prune off exuberances, detect frauds, and find means for saving the outlay of public money generally. His appointment was, we were told, "a pledge given by the Minister to the 'economical' section of his supporters, that if he did not actually succeed in accomplishing any serious retrenchment—and certainly nothing has been done in that way as yet—he was, at all events, ready to try." But the plan somehow did not work. Mr. Stansfeld's interposition at the Treasury Board has not proved a success, and he has consequently exchanged into the Secretaryship. Yet the seat he vacates is, after all, filled up, so that we still have four Junior Lords instead of three. Of course we are reminded that although the three are now four, the public purse does not suffer, as only three salaries are paid—the Marquis of Lansdowne giving his valuable services "free, gratis, and for nothing." This is, no doubt, true; and the money part of the question may be left out of sight. But the fact remains, that four "Lords" are now engaged in doing the work of three. And the inference suggested is, that the Marquis, in his official capacity, receives no salary—and earns it.

"ÆDIFICAVIT." In that word we write the biography of the late Marquis of Westminster. He made no other mark in the world; he did nothing else for his age and generation. But he was the greatest "ground landlord" in the United Kingdom. Measured by value instead of area he was probably the greatest ground landlord in the world. And he "built"—built most extensively, most judiciously, and most profitably, making profits which he himself lived to enjoy, which will shower down still more copiously on his heirs, and in which the general public are also participators; for the question, how and where the rapidly increasing multitude of well-to-do householders were to find comfortable or even decent abodes within practicable distance of the House, Law Courts, or the City, was a few years ago one of the most puzzling problems of the time; and the Marquis of Westminster has helped us to solve it. He did much in the same way elsewhere. But to take a single instance. With St. George's Hospital for a centre, and with the meridian line from thence to the river Thames as a radius, draw a quarter circle ending somewhere in the Kensington Road. Within the quadrant thus described the chief proprietor in fee simple was Lord Grosvenor, who represented the great heiress, Miss Eaton, of the past century, through whom the property came into the family. When the late peer came of age, in 1816, the site of Eaton Square was a dismal swamp. The "fine fields" in its neighbourhood were haunted by footpads, were dreaded by honest wayfarers, and quite unapproachable by unprotected females. Snipes were then shot, in the season, in the marsh which lay between those fields and the river. Look at the district now! And this change has occurred during one man's lifetime, and to no inconsiderable extent through his influence. This is saying a great deal. A brick-and-mortar immortality is not, perhaps, much to speak of. But it is, at any rate, more enduring than a reputation founded upon Jesuitical oratory and buttressed by party intrigue, and nobler than the fame derived from charges of cavalry, volleys of artillery, and indiscriminate slaughter.

By the death of Mr. Peabody we lose one of those few persons who, possessing vast wealth, knew that wealth is power, and used that power for the noblest purposes. By birth, and in his political and social instincts, a true American, Mr. Peabody felt and shewed the most cordial sympathies for England and the English people. Both countries claimed him as their own. To the claims of both he responded with a princely and well-judged munificence. And both will mourn over the grave to which this common benefactor has descended "full of years and of honours."

THE MAN ABROAD.

Venice, Oct. 23, 1869.

AND the bathing! I reach the sea by an alley lined with olive trees, where on Sundays the *bonne bourgeoisie* of Venice amuse themselves like that of Paris at St. Cloud. A triumphal arch—of poor pretensions, I must allow—designates the entrance to the Casino, which is attained by a narrow bridge thrown over the shore. Don't ask me to stop here, as I make a point of not reading the rubbish which is supplied in the shape of newspapers. As to politics, I should like to know when the time of the Dandolo and Foscari is to return. However, what difference does that make, since, rich or poor, triumphant or humiliated to the dust, Venice is ever lovely? The only thing is, I am afraid her citizens don't all of them eat animal food every day, to judge by the leanness of the more than half naked young rascals who are picking up the shells in familiar proximity to their superiors (at least as far as appearance goes). You have seen them under the shade of the lions of the Arsenal, stretched on the steps of the public gardens—those lithe, nervous creatures, embrowned by the heat from head to foot, and fighting with each other to the death over a lissa!

Here they are amusing themselves in the midst of their betters, with hunger on their lips, and no one is scandalised. On the balcony, which extends not only in front of the Casino, but before each cabin, are seated several lady bathers, with the national bathing costume *de rigueur*—for the most part short and rather stout, with brilliant eyes, not always in repose, and that wealth of golden hair which Titian and Giorgione loved to lavish on the shoulders of their mistresses. There are here and there instances of a more pronounced type, brunettes with a heavy and dark complexion, and a sleepy velvet look. They prattle together in that melodious gamut, at once lively and drawling, made to translate pretty nothings by the mouths of children and women. The sun plays on the bosom of the Adriatic, which seems to glisten with gold, perhaps the betrothment gems cast into her lap by many a Doge. The waves bathe gently and without menace the wooden columns which

support the Casino. From time to time the door of one of these opens, and a batheress (if I may be allowed to coin a word) descends the staircase, the last step of which is just submerged, and with her hair gathered on the summit of her head enters the water without being obliged to pass nearer the crowd than is sufficient just to lend enchantment to the view. She strikes out to swim, and you find yourself in imagination carried back to the time of the sirens who are enrolled amongst the allegories in painting and sculpture, which tell of the might and majesty of Venice.

Here we bathe altogether quite like a family party, the majority Venetians who have come from the city for that purpose. Their gondolas wait to take them back. I am off with them to take a turn on the Boulevards (read Grand Canal) accompanied by my friends Gorso and Canaletto.

My gondolier is the only one of all that I have employed since being here who speaks French passably, and yet though I do not understand twenty words of Italian, I have made myself understood by them all. With this one, as I am pretty well up in my French, I have a long conversation, on matters quite unconnected with our excursion—politics, sights, fine arts—in fact, a little of everything. A gondolier is not in any way a water cabman; he never condescends to dispute a fare; he is never insolent; he thinks himself your equal. And really, when you see him doing with the suppleness and ease of a swan, that which requires herculean strength, a sentiment of inferiority takes possession of you—more so that nearly all of them are handsome and well made. My gondolier to day is an out-and-out dandy—his silk cap and large scarlet belt are perfection. His gondola is well kept, adorned with a Madonna and several patron saints in copper, and his manners are polite even to chivalry. Indeed, they are all gentlemen at Venice. Instead of the servile creatures whose business it is to open the carriage doors everywhere else, the gondolier is a friend who, in holding the steel spurs of your gondola, offers his hand to aid the ladies in with the gallantry of a past age. He seems more pleased at having had that honour than in getting a handsome *largesse*. I know a certain vendor of grapes whose stall is the Academy of Fine Arts, who neglects continually his customers to go and smoke a cigarette on the steps with his back turned turned on the shop, eyeing the lady passer-by with an air at once connoisseur, proud, and discreet, which any one of the golden youth might envy him.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

THE GRINNING MAN.*

It might not unreasonably be thought that genius would possess a certain pride of its own which would preserve it on the heights to which it has attained, beyond possibility of fall. But it is not so.

'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true,

but a man of talent when once he has fairly established a claim to be considered such, will occasionally condescend to give the *prestige* of his name to works which less gifted authors would be ashamed to acknowledge. That this is notably the case with regard to some of our own poets and novelists few readers will be inclined to dispute, and just now the regretable example has been followed by one of the most splendid writers that France has ever produced. Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit*, which his translators have rendered somewhat roughly "The Grinning Man," has thrown aside his Promethean torch, and lost himself amongst the fogs of a lower world.

The pen which traced the glowing pages of *Les Misérables*, which drew the pretty picture of the fairy Esmeralda, which did not shrink from doing battle with storm, solitude, and the powers of darkness in the person of Gilliat—where more than mortal strength, self-denial, and patience were drawn with an immortal touch—has suddenly become the photographer of men more revolting than satyrs and women worse than demons.

It is true that the ancient vigour remains. The portraits are carefully copied, and not a line escapes; the details are more strongly developed than ever, but this makes it so much the worse. The book almost reads like a parody on the author's better works.

The mistakes in English habits and manners in the seventeenth century are marvellously absurd. "Sir Smith" and "the divine Williams" sink into insignificance before the name and titles of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, whose country seats are named Gumdraith, Homble, Moricambe, Trenwardraith, Helkerters, Pillinmone, and Vinecaunton on the mountain Moil-culli. Tom Sayers must bow before the Irish prize-fighter Thelemghe Madone, and Dr. Mary Walker pales before Dr. Eleanor Sharpe!

We just give a faint outline of the story. The hero, known as the clown of a travelling circus, but who is discovered, at the end of the fourth volume, to be the heir of the Lord Clancharlie before-mentioned, was kidnapped in his infancy by a band of gipsies, called "comprachicos," whose trade was the fabrication of monsters, and who, having mutilated the face of the unfortunate child into something horribly ludicrous, abandon him in the middle of a winter's night in a desolate place, where neither food nor shelter is to be found.

The wanderings of the poor child, tossed like a leaf by the fury of the elements, recall similar scenes in the *Toilers of the Sea*. Horrors of every description beset his path, and as he flies, a prey to every tangible and intangible fear, he falls upon the body of a dead woman lying in the snow, with an infant at her breast. The sight of a being even more helpless than himself rouses all the energy of the deserted boy. He raises her in his arms, and although exhausted with hunger and fatigue, advances more resolutely than ever. Roofs and dwellings in the distance appear to encourage him, but the child finds the coldness of men more terrible than the cold of night. He can find no succour, when at last the door of a sort of travelling caravan opens before him, and a rough voice speaks. Here he finds shelter. The owner of the caravan is a benevolent quack doctor, an extraordinary being called "Ursus," with a tame wolf for a companion called "Homo;" rough in manner but warm and tender at heart, the itinerant juggler, charlatan, philosopher, bearing some slight resemblance to Dickens's "Cheap Jack," takes compassion on the children, who are brought up in his cart and taught to earn their living, the one as clown, the other as pantomimist and singer.

The love of the poor outcasts for each other is told in passages of extreme beauty. To the blind girl, Dea, Gwynplaine—who to the crowd is a clown, a mountebank, something grotesque, a creature a little more and a little less than one of the brute creation—appears the saviour who delivered her from the tomb, the consoler who makes life possible, the embodiment of strength, courage, and beneficence. Whilst to him, she was the one being who turned to him without horror—a celestial interposition between him and despair: he was admired and beloved by a very ideal of beauty, purity, and sweetness.

The lovers' dream of happiness is, however, interrupted by the appearance of the Duchess Josiane, half-sister to Queen Anne! who happens to be in the enjoyment of the revenues belonging of right to Clancharlie, who lives in *Corleone Lodge* at Windsor, and to whose portrait, as "fat," "fresh," "robust," and besides all this, "*précieuse*," only the pen of a Frenchman could possibly do justice.

The real parentage of the clown is then discovered, and he undergoes a variety of bewildering experiences until he is fairly bullied out of the House of Lords, where his ludicrous appearance convulses the judges with bursts of laughter, where the Archbishop of Canterbury nudges the elbow of the Archbishop of York! where Henry Compton, brother of the Count of Northampton, holds his sides! and where Lord Hatton throws him a penny!

In the august assembly of his Peers, the unfortunate Gwynplaine is made to plead his own cause with a marvellous eloquence for the clown of a travelling circus. He gives his history to the men who are the contemporaries of the father he has never known, as abandoned alone in the midst of a night of tempests. He describes his experiences of life:—"His first—the power of the law in the shape of a gibbet; his second—what men call riches, in the form of a woman dying of cold and starvation; his third—the type of the future in the form of a dying child; his fourth—goodness, truth, and justice, under the mask of a vagabond, whose sole companion was a wolf!" But the Lords are deaf to the inspired speaker. "Bravo Gwynplaine!" "Bravo Clown of the Green Box!" "Bravo Grinning Man!" are the cries which outrage him. They are not well bred, it must be confessed! He flies, and returns in despair to the protector of his youth and to his dying love, whose heart is broken by his supposed desertion.

There are, doubtless, splendid passages in the book, but the whole reads like the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream.

* L'Homme qui Rit. Par Victor Hugo.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

(Concluded from our last.)

I WAS rather disturbed at coming down to breakfast on the fourth day of my voluntary imprisonment to find an invitation to spend a "quiet evening" at the house of an old lady friend—some fortieth cousin, some fifty times removed, whom I had only seen twice before in my life, and who I had begun fervently to hope had not yet "spotted" me. I instantly cursed the hero of the three-decker yet more, for it must have been there at his *levée* from an adjoining box that she had discovered me, as I well remembered how I had often been told she never missed an opportunity of hearing and inwardly digesting evangelical consolation. Now, I could form an exceedingly good idea from myself of what this quiet evening was likely to consist of, as I had seen as yet no one in the place under the age of forty summers at least. So I conjectured, and rightly, that it was, being interpreted, a congregation of old women met together for the more convivial consumption of their tea and thin bread and butter, and for an inane conversation on what they had been doing, or rather not been doing, for the last few days, of course their idol of Sunday would be the chief topic. Indeed, as I afterwards found out, it was principally to sing his praises the assembly had been convened. To give an account of my two hours' captivity with the old ladies would be as uninteresting to you as it was to me, but as I was enlightened on one point with reference to the service of Sunday, I will extend the rays of their remarks to you. It will be remembered that Mr. S—— had only appeared at the termination of the Communion Service, which irregularity I had tried to account for in two ways, but they were both wrong. He had been taken ill the previous night, and had given up his intention of going through his performances—at all events, in the morning—and had asked his country friend to "change ends" with him. This latter, then, must have been as much astonished as I was to see him appear. In answer to a very natural inquiry after service as to his speedy recovery, he declared he was sure it was by a Divine manifestation of Providence he had been permitted to *preach* that morning to the people. So this entertainment afforded me two subjects for consideration—the first was the conceit, the almost blasphemous conceit of this man, and the second was the gross preponderance in this place of the old ladies; but I soon dismissed the former of these from my mind, though I at one time seriously considered the propriety of sending him an appropriate text for his next discourse, which should certainly have been, "Lest when I have PREACHED (this should have been in big red capitals) to others I myself should be a castaway;" but the second occupied me longer, for I thought how, in the name of wonder, do these old women continue to populate the place; are they immortal, or are they born old women? Oh! Mr. Frank Buckland, you are first-rate with the fish; can you give us no light on this scientific subject? I wish to heaven you could remove them all away, as you did those denizens of the deep the other day in watering-carts, and I really shouldn't mind if one or two of them died off on the way! Thoroughly glad at having obtained my freedom, I quite looked forward to a cigar and a speedy release from my solitude in sleep as soon as I should get to my inn, but another telegraphic despatch awaiting me threw me into a greater state of excitement than I had felt for days, for this time I knew it was on my own particular subject, and would contain the winner of the

Cesarewitch. I burned with desire to know whether my friend Vacuum had really proved there was something in him, and whether Phantom had had the ghost of a chance, for I had backed each of these horses at a very remunerative price. Moreover, the landlord of the "Cock" (a man who evidently played second fiddle to his wife, and who was continually dropping in for rebuffs of this sort, "Now, my dear John, why *are* you always talking about them wretched 'osses, and you *never* names a winner neither?") had taken Chérie against Phantom with me for half-a-crown, and was dying to know the result. But no, the one had been scratched, and the other had verified his name to the very letter, and had barely been seen at all, and I determined, while repaying the landlord the price of this "information," together with his half-crown, that I would never meddle with a big handicap race as long as I lived, which pious resolve I soon broke, however, for I was almost immediately on another supposed flyer for the Cambridgeshire.

I had so far been especially fortunate in having, I was going to say, nothing but Queen's weather, but my second thoughts tell me that generally means a wet day, so I will substitute the more common-place "delightful" and, I might almost add, unseasonable weather, for about this time the worthy people of N—— prepare themselves and their rain-gauges for the reception of the expected downpour. It was only on Sunday I had seen one of these instruments on the hill side, and had been completely nonplussed as to its meaning, for I can assure you it was no easy matter on first sight to determine what manner of thing it was, and I only approached it with great caution, as it looked like a sort of self-acting photographic apparatus, for it stood on three legs, just about the same height from the ground that those things do, precisely similar in shape, and it only required the addition of the time-honoured black cloth to complete the illusion. I afterwards found out it had been a rain gauge, but had long been disused on account of its utter incapability to keep pace with the watery demonstrations of the local cherubs above, and was almost always brimfull. The traditions of the place were, however, amply realised the following day, and the truth of the axiom, "*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*" disagreeably forced upon me, for I had determined on visiting the town of K——, some eighteen miles away, a beautiful walk, I was told, across country; but instead of this I had to keep my slippers on all day, and amuse myself as best I could within the walls of the "Cock," as the rain descended and the floods came down in no mean style, I can tell you.

I smoked endless cigars, and talked a good deal of nonsense to the landlord, who happened to be in a wonderfully good humour, and finally offered to show me some of his treasures, which he kept under strict surveillance in a private room of his own. These consisted of three old-fashioned pieces of furniture: the first, a ricketty, jingling old cottage piano, on which I immediately felt moved to play a tune—it was, "Early in the morning, before the break"—but here *I* broke also, for I could endure no more. It must, I think, have belonged to Tubal Cain, and floated for weeks on the flood, for the sodden sounds it produced quite warranted such speculation. The landlord was disgusted with my performance, and said he could play far better, whereupon he turned a handle, and drew forth from the instrument sounds composed centuries ago; but I will do him the credit to allow that the internal portion of this machine was certainly in far better order than the outward and visible keyboard. I soon cried "enough," though, and we passed on to the next curiosity, which, though to all appearance a plain cupboard, on being wound up exhibited another specimen of musical composition. There was a decidedly military air about this one, as the fifes and drums were plainly audible, but these were of a very intermittent character, and both the drummers and buglemen seemed to be frequently seized with the stomach-ache, as many beats and notes were wanting altogether.

I told the landlord I hoped his third piece of furniture was not musical, as I hardly thought my nerves would stand any more discordant sonatas; he assured me of its silence, and we proceeded to view it, though I kept a sharp look out on him all the time, for fear it should admit of being wound up like the others, and it was not until we had seen every part of it I was convinced of its inability to produce a sound.

It was, as the *Morning Post* says of Benson's watches and clocks, "the perfection of mechanism," a very old, highly-finished chiffonier, with a slanting top, which let down and formed a sort of slab; inside this, to the naked eye, there appeared some dozen drawers; but as one after the other the landlord disclosed to my astonished gaze about twelve or fifteen others, each more secret than the preceding one, in some of which a man might with safely deposit his fortune, I was, as they say up here, "fairly capped," but retained my senses sufficiently to ask him where he had got it, and if he had ever found anything in these drawers. "Yes," he said, "I found what my father and grandfather, and nobody knows how many more people, failed to find—a good bit of money carefully wrapped up in one of these secret places. It was bought years ago by my grandfather at a sale, and I can't tell you how many times it has changed hands, for as with my parent and great parent so with me, whenever we have been temporarily hard up, we have sold it, and bought it back shortly afterwards; and as we have always kept on raising the price, it is worth a good deal of money now, and I would not sell it you now, sir, for fifty pounds." I declined to have anything to do with any further rise in its market value; moreover, I had something of the sort at home, and determined I would pick mine to pieces to discover a corresponding treasure, which I now felt sure must be there, for as yet I had never been able to discover more than a couple of secret places in it. So the whole of that day did I spend in the house, and, beyond going occasionally to the door when the sky looked a little brighter, to see if I could discern any sign of a rainbow (for I was rapidly becoming nervous about a repetition of the flood), I did nothing but eat, drink, and smoke.

I awoke early next morning; it was broad daylight, and the daily gathering of those cleanly people of N—— was already beginning outside, as I could plainly hear one or two remarks spoken in rather a louder tone than the rest—

"Good morning to yer, Mary Anne, hast thou heard tell on Mrs. Macarthy having twins this very morning?"

"No, sure, Sarah, my dear; but which on em's to be drownded?"

I am not a married man myself, so this did not outrage my feelings in the least, but I rose at once, and resolved after breakfast—wind and weather permitting—to perform my pilgrimage to K——.

On leaving my hostelry with this intention, I spied a rather fine pack of harriers, heralded by a red-coated huntsman on foot (for the country was impracticable for riding), whom I at once interrogated as to the cause of this wonderful phenomenon. They were, he said (did you ever hear such disrespect?) kept by his master, Mr. W——, he thought, for the sole purpose of reducing that gentleman's natural obesity, and, he added, "I think they answer their purpose very well indeed, Sir, as a 'find' frequently takes place 1,500 feet above the level of the sea." Anyone might follow, so I at once joined the worthy huntsman, and a rattling good day's sport we had. We found once, but killed nothing. The master of the hounds seemed a rare good sort though, and his exertions were evidently as beneficial to him as a Turkish bath. After the run he politely asked me to join him and his wife that evening at dinner if I had no other engagement. Of course I accepted at once. His dinner had apparently been ordered on the French principle—a portion for two is enough for three—for I lacked nothing. He was a perfect gentleman and (I approached the subject rather gingerly at our Burgundy after dinner, when his wife had retired to the drawing-room, for I am a tremendous Tory) a bitter opponent of Liberalism. He said my apparant reluctance to discuss politics reminded him of an incident that occurred to him not long ago when travelling in the limited mail to Scotland, and with that story I shall conclude, for after receiving a pressing invitation from him to make free use of his house as long as I remained, I hardly seemed to be in an out-of-the-way place any longer.

I have no doubt my readers will be asking, why, in heaven's name, did you ever come to such a place? Well, I am not going to satisfy your curiosity. There is a capital song of Harry Sidney's—"Of course it's no business of mine;" learn it, and don't be too inquisitive. But I am forgetting the anecdote.

My friend started from Euston Square in company with only one other gentleman, a perfect stranger. They soon got into conversation, chatting on various subjects, and were each, rather surprised to find the other's opinions almost identical with his own, but they had, so far, avoided politics. On resuming their seats at Stafford, the stranger thus addressed my friend:—"We have talked and agreed on many pleasant topics since we left London, but there is one subject we have not yet touched upon at all—politics. May I venture to propose that we discuss in a friendly way some of the chief political events of the day?" To which my friend replied, "I really am almost loth to accede to your wishes. We have yet a very long way to travel together, and I hold very decided opinions indeed on the subject you mention; but as you seem so much to wish it, I will not disappoint you. We have agreed on most things; if we differ on this, no doubt we shall agree to differ—I would go five hundred miles to see that disgraceful impostor, Gladstone, dealt with as he deserves."—"Well," said the stranger, "I would go a thousand."

IN THE STREETS.

WHAT demon could have prompted Messrs. G. Fawkes and Co. to choose the month of November for the execution of their designs? We do not speak of the season as being ill adapted for such a proceeding—quite the contrary. It is a horrible, foggy month in London, little to be seen and less to do, and blowing up the Houses of Parliament was at least an occupation novel if not over-pleasant. Besides which, if the gentlemen there assembled were doomed to be warmed at all, the cold fogs of November would possibly have rendered the operation even less disagreeable than at any other time of the year. We make no complaint, therefore, against the time and season selected: what we object to and think should have been provided against is the fatal facility it affords for a rhyme. It seems impossible to avoid making November rhyme with remember. To the mind of the youthful bigot and poet this rhyme has apparently a most fascinating attraction. Year after year, as time goes on, we are still called upon to remember the wretched farce of the 5th of November, and so far as we can see, it always will be remembered, and, if for no other reason, because of the fatal name of the month. There are nine months open to them, and we do think they might have chosen one with any other termination than the unfortunate *ember*. As it is we fear that the choice made by the said G. Fawkes and Co. (Limited) is likely to assist in keeping alive the embers of religious discord for years to come. What with the historical associations and ceremonies of the day (5th of November) and the promised progress of Royalty to come, not to mention the prospective glories of Lord Mayor's Day, the streets seem likely to be filled for some time to come. We are rejoiced to think that the Queen is about to appear again amongst her people. Loyalty is not a bare abstraction—it must attach itself to some person; unless it have a personal object to fix itself upon, it is sure to droop. —A few more Progresses like this and the yelp of the Fenian cur would no longer be heard in our streets. Talking of Fenians; there is no place where they manage them so ill as in London. We were at Liverpool at the time when a funeral procession was in contemplation in memory of the Fenian "martyrs." Everything was in readiness; the police prepared, and all in expectation of a row. But what happened? The ships' carpenters took a different view of things and thought they had a right to be there as well as the chartered vermin of Fenianism. The result was, that the police who went to protect persons and property from Fenian outrage, had to shield the Fenians

instead, from the thrashing they would have got from their indignant and disgusted fellow citizens. Thus with the aid of a fire engine and without a blow did the miserable demonstration melt away. There is nothing that trade delegates and Fenians hate so much as water, clean and cold. We should be sorry to say one word to interfere with the loyal and, we doubt not, hearty and enthusiastic reception that will greet Her Majesty on her way. We doubt much if she can conceive the good effect that will be accomplished by her appearance among us again. The nation can no more do without her than she without her people, for she represents more truly than any other member of the Constitution the whole, entire, and undivided nation. The House of Commons may represent somewhat; it may be the country, or it may be only a portion, or possibly a bare majority. Her Majesty, in her person, on the contrary, combines and represents all other interests, over, and above, and including those of Lords and Commons. But we do say, and that in the spirit of the most reverential loyalty, that we think the Queen would have been better advised had she chosen the opening of Parliament as the occasion of her re-entry into public life.

There is only one thing that reconciles us to the appointment of Dr. Temple. The self-abnegation of the man in accepting the nomination is almost sublime. He says that he should have felt more at home amongst his boys, and we can quite believe him; but he also tells us that nothing but a sense of duty induced him to consent to leave his dear Rugby. Like every one associated with Mr. Gladstone, he is actuated by nothing but the highest sense of duty to his country. The country, he feels, cannot get on without him; and so he gives up all he loves to serve his country. This is very patriotic on the part of Dr. Temple; but it is by no means satisfactory to think that the country does depend upon Dr. Temple. His patriotism is only equalled by his humility. For ourselves, we never could see why schoolmasters had such a special claim upon Bishoprics. Some four or five individuals, of no great parts, who have been profanely styled "licensed victuallers"—certainly not the most learned who could be found—have been turning the Latin Grammar upside down, and have made themselves generally a nuisance. Small boys may be educated, boarded, and washed by them in the Protestant religion, or in no religion at all; but we do not see why the doing this is to fit them for Bishops. Men are not so easily led to accept, it may be, crude and unrevised "selections" as boys. Men do not quite so readily see why they should be called upon as good Christians to throw over the four Gospels. Schoolmasters just now are taking too much upon themselves.

Answer to Charade—SHAMROCK.—Correct: Lambkin; Poor Persecuted Puss; Ubique; M. G. H.; Ralph; La Gioja; I. L. P.; Pimlico Tom-Cat; Nigger; Sax; Vulpes; Greathopes; Plussy; Quilp; "D;" Clunch.—Incorrect: E. J. C.; Ireland.

Shamrock.

Deceit of any kind a Sham we call.
At once you answer that is plain to all.
Then as a Rock that braves the tempest's rage
Let all oppose deceit, both youth and age.
But as we gaze upon the Shamrock's bloom,
And try to think of Ireland's future doom,
The three combined leaves should represent
That which some assert they really meant—
Faith, Hope, and Charity; so let it be.
Faith in the present, hope for futurity;
And then if Charity's with these combined
'Twill give us faith and hope in all mankind.

Civic Honours.—The Lord Mayor, we are told, is to be made a Baronet. Surely this must be a mistake, for being a carpenter and builder by trade, is he not already a *Barrow-knight?*

A Strong Dose.—A Mr. Pill's wife, we are told presented him with three little "Pills" last Saturday, and the Parish, of course, insists on his *taking* them. It must be the strongest dose of medicine the poor man ever had to swallow! By the latest accounts Mr. Pill was "doing as well as could be expected."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thingummy.—Received with thanks. You are quite right; it had escaped our notice.

Temple.—You say:—"If *hymn he, sim'ny*, and *Rhymney* are not better rhymes to *chimney* than *hymn knee* you are a greater fool than when you answered our invitation to compete." Perhaps you are. It looks like it.

Cat.—Thanks for the kind information, which was new to us.

Nemo.—The *Saturday Review* is not happy in dealing with sporting matters. When it cites Ladas as an "example of the utterly hopeless racehorse that never wins in any company or under any weight," it forgets, no doubt, that the colt won every time he started last year, and gave Badsworth 9lb. and a beating on the very day of its amazing assertion. You must not expect accuracy and fine writing too.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

IF Her Most Gracious Majesty be of my mind—and there would be, I trust, no impropriety in *that*—she must be this morning in a state bordering on distraction. Averse—to use a mild term—to ceremonials of every kind, she has, single-handed, to perform one of the most tremendous character. To open a Bridge and a Viaduct is an undertaking which might well appal the stoutest heart. A journey to Blackfriars in November is in itself a thing not to be looked upon unmoved. And to crown all, to submit to the presentation of unnumbered addresses by countless throngs of fat and foolish citizens is an infliction to which scourging might seem a mild and pleasant recreation. Contempt and ridicule have done their best to suppress this most imbecile of customs, but entirely without effect. The chaste mantle of a full-blown cordwainer is impervious to satire, and whenever Royalty is to be met with, there will he pay his addresses. A Royal progress, like a Swiss tourist's journey, is now marked and divided, and may be distinctly tracked by these gravings on the Alpenstock. Half-a-dozen addresses may be computed as carrying the Prince of Wales to Windsor; six-and-thirty would probably take him as far as Carlisle. Edinburgh might, perchance, be reached by half a hundred, while nearly the century would be necessary to land His Royal Highness at Balmoral. If Common Councilmen really desire to testify their respect for Royalty, or to relieve the monotony of its journeys by an appropriate spectacle or ceremony, why do they not effect something novel, quaint, and amusing? The presentation of addresses must surely pall upon even the givers of these bad things. If now they were to stain their bodies with woad, and dance in pre-Adamite costume before their illustrious guests, it would be somewhat. "I never go west of Temple Bar," sung in character by the Lord Mayor, would give colour and variety to the proceedings. "The Recorders, the Recorders" might be summoned, as by Hamlet, and either played upon or compelled to go through a series of "Chaste Shaksperean Quips and Retorts," like Signor Jupe. Anything rather than addresses, which every one knows it is improper to give. If the luckless recipient were Mr. Smith instead of Baron Renfrew, they would be converted into "Rejected Addresses" without scruple.

The art of entertaining an audience "all by one's self" does not appear to have been known to the ancients. The elder Matthews, indeed, is reported by tradition to have practised some kind of single-handed fun which kept his audience in a roar; but his talent, like that of his accomplished son, was unique, and the exception proves the rule. To the present generation Mr. John Parry may be considered the founder of the sect—its founder and its chief, for no disciple has approached the inimitable guest at "Mrs. Roseleaf's Party." Albert Smith was indebted more to his subjects than to his manner for his popularity as an entertainer. His lectures read excellently, he attempted no change of costume, and his songs owed nothing to his powers of vocalisation. Mr. Woodin has acquired considerable popularity by his rapid changes of costume, beyond which proof of dexterity I could never discover any special merit in his exits or his entrances. Mr. Henry Russell sang, and Mr. Love talked from his stomach. Passing over a number of more or less successful brave men who considered themselves equal to the task of amusing several hundred people nightly, with no other aid than that of impudence and a pianoforte, we come to one who has left his mark. Mr. Maccabe, who was, if I mistake not, introduced to London a few years ago by Professor Anderson, unites in a remarkable degree the talents necessary to dispense with the aid of accessories. His discrimination of character is quick and clever, and the rapidity with which he "executes" his conceptions is remarkable. Furthermore, Mr. Maccabe sings and plays his own compositions, which are of more than usual merit; and finally, he adds to his other gifts that of ventriloquist, in which capacity he "makes believe" to a fabulous extent. With all these claims, it is no wonder that Mr. Maccabe should be held to have grasped at least a corner of the mantle of the great predecessors I have named. As he has left England for, I believe, a protracted tour abroad, and as I pay—not without a struggle—for my admissions, I shall not be thought to be dispensing Dorset.

The early winter, announced by the logic of hips and haws, has received a further confirmation by the premature arrival of the woodcock, who landed, after a roughish passage, a full fortnight before his Trailship was expected. Lying close, as they are apt to do after passing the Custom House, they were tracked and slain in great numbers, one gentleman, who is said to lie in wait for the early arrivals, like a hotel tout, having formed a perfect hecatomb of the long-bills. (I wish I could form one of mine;—but this by the way.) Fatal gift of trail, what frightful consequences dost thou not entrail upon thy possessor! It is, when we calmly think the matter over, a monstrous thing that because an unhappy bird chances to have an agreeable flavour in his stomach we should go out against him with guns. Yet it need not be forgotten that they should be shot as soon after touching British ground as possible. They lose their fat rapidly. And, "gin they mun doy," it is just as well that they should do so in that peaceful frame of mind which stoutness seldom fails to engender. After all, talk not to me of peacocks—he is amazing on toast.

After the vain fight so often made to gain a foothold for *one* comic periodical by the side of *Punch*, it is curious to note the wealth of professedly "funny" journals, which possess, it must be assumed, a *clientèle*. Competition is an excellent thing, and, truth to tell, our old friend with the hunch was getting somewhat prosy in the security of his unassailed position. Rest them merry, therefore, and may their advertisements flourish and their sale never be less. But why will they *not* rest merry? Surely, the columns of *Fun* or *Will-o'-the-Wisp* are not the places for obituary notices and funeral verses enclosed in a mourning border. The pictorial "celebrations" of the lamented death of the great and good Earl, whose loss has carried mourning throughout the land, has been such as to excite the disgust of all who consider such calamities as matter for reverent and *reticent* sorrow. Vulgar daubs of a smudgy Britannia, a

dyspeptic lion guarding a coffin, and Mr. Disraeli, like a theatrical mute, weeping over the group, can do nothing but excite ridicule and contempt. *Will-o-the-Wisp* may be, in a certain sense, fit associate for graves, but *Fun* should hold aloof from such matters.

London Lyrics.

No. VII.

WATERLOO.

I STOOD on the Bridge in the morning,
And the clocks struck an early hour,
And the moon sank behind Westminster
As the sun rose over the Tower.

And sore and sad reflections
With my mind's eye did I see,
And a sense of continual falling
And sinking came over me.

And far in the smoky distance
Of that else bright morning in June,
I looked up and down the river,
While my brain was singing a tune.

And Blackfriar's long black rafters
Looked the very reverse of gay,
And I wished that the Board of Works
Would look sharp and take them away,

As surging and boiling through them
Rose the brown and pea-soupy tide,
And hideously in the gay sunlight
The corpses of cats floated wide.

And like those corpses rushing
Among the sodden piers,
Sentimental thoughts came o'er me,
And my eyes gushed with maudlin tears.

How often—oh, how often!—
In greener days gone by
I had passed o'er that bridge in a Hansom
To the railway station hard by!

How often—oh, how often!—
I have wished for some one to say,
"I'll kick you to the middle of next week!"
Clear over the settling day.

Then my heart was excited and restless,
And my book was full of bets,
And a burden I carried about me
Of ever increasing debts.

But now I'm a little better,
For a bankruptcy set me free,
And I smile at a creditor's sorrow,
And the tailor who curses me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
Or city-ward bend my way,
Like the odour of stale tobacco
Comes the thought of the Derby Day;

And I think how many thousands
Of pounds have changed hands since then,
And how crowds have come back from the Derby
Very sad—if not sober—men.

I see the motley procession
Still passing to and fro,
The three-card man and the Welsher,
The very fast man and the slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As sure as the rising sun,
As long as there 're knaves and greenhorns,
As long as a race is run,

Men will crowd to the railway station,
By this bridge the shortest way,
The symbol of roads to ruin,
On every Derby Day!

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

MR. WYBERT REEVE has written, and the management of the Charing Cross Theatre has produced, a three-act drama called *Won at Last*. The piece has, we believe, been previously applauded in the provinces, but it is strange to a London audience, and might without loss have remained so to the "crack of doom." The plot is constructed from the slenderest and most hackneyed materials. As a warning to those who would be admonished, we may recite that the forgery and ultimate recovery of a bill by a young gentleman, whose means have been embarrassed by "losses on the Turf," form the chief subject of Mr. Reeve's song. A self-sacrificing sister, who narrowly escapes marriage with the "holder" of the document, and her noble and virtuous lover help to swell the chorus. One act might have been occupied, not altogether unprofitably, with the incidents of *Won at Last*; to waste three upon it was to cram a sack with gossamer, or a magnum with *vin ordinaire*. The author and Miss Henrietta Simms acted very agreeably together; and to them is due the *succès d'estime* the drama obtained.

The *Willow Copse*, one of the best specimens of the old Adelphi melodrama, has been revived at the Princess's Theatre, which the illness of Mr. Boucicault has deprived of the underlined drama long promised to its patrons. The play is supported by a strong detachment of Mr. Webster's *troupe*; and as that admirable actor and Mrs. Alfred Mellon both sustain their original characters, the *Copse*, it may be imagined, loses little by its transplantation from the Strand to Oxford-street. We must add that the heroine, Rose Fielding, is played by Miss Furtado with a grace and pathos which render her a worthy associate of the *artistes* so long identified with the Drama.

The story of *Ino*, notwithstanding the "treatment" it has received from Homer downwards, still remains as vague and incoherent as if it had been narrated by Mrs. Brown. *Ino*, in fact, may be fairly translated, I don't know, and we may briefly add that we never met any one who did. This being, under favour of the late Mr. Lemprière and Dr. William Smith, the state of the case, it will be easily imagined that to attempt any description of the narrative when brought within the compass of burlesque would be worse than useless. If neither Ovid nor Apollodorus have made the matter plain it would be a forlorn hope to turn to Mr. Spedding. What is denied to the calm and retirement of Great Russell-street will hardly be conceded to the Strand. The *Ino* produced last week at the recognised home of burlesque, would, in all probablity, be unrecognisable by Cadmus. But if the story be wholly unintelligible, in which respect it is by no means entitled to unusual distinction among burlesques, it is, as presented to the Strand audience, amusing enough. Mr. Spedding is a name new to the metropolitan playbills, and he brings to his task a freshness and vivacity which are hardly to be expected, and are certainly not found in the works of many more familiar masters of extravagance. The puns and funs with which *Ino* bristles are above the average in quality as well as quantity, and the songs and dances are more original and less vulgar than the general run of such *divertissements*. The acting was of the character and excellence suitable to the locality, Messrs. James and Thorne carrying off, as usual, the honours of the evening by two most humorous impersonations of the parts, male and female, Athamas and Ino, which fit them like gloves. Miss Lydia Maitland looked very well as Nephele, and played with grace and spirit, but has been better suited. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* was satisfactory, as was the cleverly arranged music and the *mise-en-scène*.

Astley's, following the example of the Cis-Alpine houses, has reopened for the winter season under the always active management of Mr. E. T. Smith. The attractions hitherto have been the drama of the *Free Lance*, in which the vigorous acting of Mr. and Miss Holt and Miss Pauncefort are seen to great advantage; and the burlesque of *Blue Beard*, to which Misses Thirlwall and Parkes lend equal though different attractions. But these agreeable novelties will pale before that promised for Monday next. This is nothing less than the appearance of the famous Mdlle. Lillian, the only Mazeppa since poor Miss Menken's death, who fights her own combats, rides her own horses, ascends her own precipices, and, generally, does all those things which a civilised young lady ought *not* to do. In person as well as in the grace and daring, Mdlle. Lillian much resembles poor Adah Isaacs, and all who were interested in the very curious phenomenon presented by that lady's impersonation of the Wild Horseman should compare the two readings —no, *ridings*—of the part. *Mazeppa* used, with us, to take rank, as a work of genius, next to *The Battle of Waterloo*; and even now, when spotted horses have lost something of their once indefinable charm, we retain an affection for the scantily-clad Prince *quod neque mors solvet nec temporis longinquitas*.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

No. II.—Minister.

CAME IN FIRST—
He rode for the "Cup" and the "Derby," and, more,
He rode for the "Oaks" and he rode for the
"Guineas"-*ter*,
Quaterque beatus he won them all four!
And this jockey was prouder than any Prime
Minister.

Second—by the shortest of heads—

Dead! the sad news I ponder o'er;
Emotions deep within I stir:
Dead!—"Not lost, but gone before,"
True, noble-hearted Minister!

Third—

Things scaly and finny stir
Basket and creel,
All doomed to minister
To our next meal.

[The owner, who "nominates" under the pseudonym of "Quâk Quâk," says that he will "take it out in stamps." How will he take it? Nasmyth's hammer comes out pretty strong in the stamping line—will he have it that way? Or if he is disposed to do a bit of stiff, the *M. A. T.* has several friends who will furnish any amount of stamps. Only let him say the word.]

A good fourth—
"I'll clear that rabble out, if I'm allowed,"
The Colonel said. "Then do it," quoth the
Minister.
At once he opened fire upon the crowd,
And swept the street—with grape and canister.

Fifth—

"The more you, like a ninny, stir
That pot, the more you'll spoil the broth."
With these last words the minister
Took himself off, exceeding wroth.

Ran very gamely, but being overweighted, only succeeded in struggling into the sixth place—

It is the height of noonday heat;
No flocks upon the mountains bleat,
But wander to some cool retreat,
Nor do the tribes so finny stir:
Alone in day's refulgent eye,
A far off speck in yonder sky,
Rejoicing in his might on high
Gyrates the lightning's minister.*

* Ministrum fulminis alitem.—Hor.

In the second flight, and well up at the "finish, were—
While Gladstone is England's Prime Minister
We shall always find Ireland in a stir.

His speech could no more than a cart-horse's whinny stir
His audience—so he shut up, did our minister.

First soothe the fair one's pride,
Then if thou winnest her
Make her thy blushing bride
With gold ring and minister.

It was a gay and gallant bark
Which homeward bore the minister.
But seas were stormy, nights were dark,
And she foundered off Cape Finisterre.

There also started—
To reduce our gold sovereign in weight
Is the plan of a Liberal Minister,
And grief at its brother's sad fate
Must sure make the ghost of the guinea stir.

Oh, didn't Paganini stir
The public with his strains!
So does a well-known minister
With ritual refrains.

And so you are married, good minister,
You who to women were cold?
And to whom, pray? Your sweet next of kin? is 't her,
Clara, scarce twenty years old?

Oh, sir, she cried,
I pray you, dinna stir,
There naebody coming—
Its only the minister.

Not a leaf did the wind in the spinny stir,
Not a breath in the air so clear;
You could hear e'en the fall of a pin—hist! her
Footstep resounds drawing near,
As to meet the white-surplic'd minister
The long bridal train doth appear.

In spite of political din I stir,
My brandy-and-water serene
I'd not quit it to be the Prime Minister,
And make *bishop* or *bart.* for the Queen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Competition papers have also been received from "X," "J. L. P.," "F. F.," "In Memoriam," "Jinks Meûnier," "W. P.," "A," "A. B.," "Ecce Signum," "Quilp," "Plussey Beta," "Cordero," "New Zealand," "Flute," "Voilà," "Crayon," Tyneside," Dido," "C. K.," "Red Light," "Uncle Dros," "E. H.," "C. B. J.," "Japper," "Tria Juncta," "Kitty," "C. B. Pan," "Bluejacket," "Ex Oriente Lux," "Pom Pom," "D. S. F.," "Puer." "Straightlaced," "W. P.," "J. L. F.," "Sagitarius," "W.V.," "T. N.R." "Jay," "Old Tory," "Sabee," "Simplicity," "Nimbus," "Pimlico Tom Cat," "Irish Ghost," "Oxonicus," "Experte Credo," "Celia," "I. O. U.," "Arran," "Nigger," "Ipsolinhian," "H. J. E." "Banquo," "Z. A. R.," "Res non Verba," "Ubique," "Cowl," "Sandy," "Typo-Eureka," "Long-jokerless," "Little Known," "Triple Harp," "Stork," "Ex Nihilo," "Blazes," "La Gioja," "M. G. N.," "W. R. R." "Fish Sauce," "C. and D.," "G. L. B.," "Cat," "C. S.," "Gil Blas," "Hasarac," "Non Omnis Morias," "Poor Persecuted Puss," "A City Goaker," "Potassium," "Urbanus," "Max," "Caw-caw," "R. E.," "G. St. Crispin," "Thingummy," "Dunce," "George," "St. John's-road."

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

PRIZE WORD No. III.—NATAL.
[South African Colony.]

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

ON the evening of the 23rd of October last the Prince of Wales "honoured the Gaiety Theatre with his presence," and on the morning of the 26th of October he "joined the special train from Shoreditch in order to witness the racing at Newmarket," finishing the day by going to the St. James's Theatre in the evening. It may be as well to mention that on the 23rd of October Lord Derby *died*, and on the 26th of October he was *lying dead at Knowsley*. Respect for the memory of a man loved and honoured by all his fellow-countrymen during life, and most heartily and bitterly regretted at his death, who had thrice been Prime Minister, and who was the trusted adviser of his Royal mother, would, I should have thought, have kept the Prince from public gaze on both those days; but when it is remembered that had Lord Derby lived the Prince and Princess of Wales would at this time *have been his guests at Knowsley*, the conduct of the heir apparent can only be described as unfeeling and unseemly in the extreme. The toadies connected with the Press, of course, have not taken notice of the want of respect shown by our future king to the memory of one of England's greatest men. The question arises, would the Prince of Wales have thus acted had the *present* instead of the *late* Prime Minister died, and if he had done so, whether the fact of the one being a "Liberal" and the other a "Conservative" would not have altered the circumstances of the case and made the Press speak out? Many of the nobility, we have been told by the daily and weekly press, were absent from Newmarket Heath out of respect to Lord Derby's memory, and yet the Prince of Wales was there. I, therefore, noticed his recorded "doings" on the 23rd and 26th days of October with a sense of the deepest sorrow and regret that he should have so grossly forgotten his *duty* as England's future king, and the character he has to sustain as an English gentleman.

I see the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been borrowing another idea from *The Man About Town*, and has discovered that "the cheap sporting papers are nearly all under the command of the Ring." Of course they are; it is a notorious fact, and it matters not that one of them, *The Sporting Life*, in its Wednesday issue should deny the soft impeachment, for, to give one instance alone, did not that paper quote Boulogne's starting price for the Newmarket Derby as 10 to 1 when it was 25, and was that *little* difference in price not done, for the love or the money of a gentleman or the gentlemen of the Ring? Have not the *Sporting Times*, the *Sporting Gazette*, and *The Man About Town* stated openly in their columns that the sporting reporters of the daily and some portion of the sporting Press are squared to oblige commission agents? The *Sporting Life* must clear up the Boulogne matter before it can honestly deny the accusation of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and as a fortnight has elapsed since the charge was made, I fear it cannot be done. Most gladly would I welcome a satisfactory explanation of that ugly case, and unasked would I joyfully reproduce it in leaded type in these columns.

The racing this week has been very interesting to the lookers-on, but as a guide to future events, it has been of no service. It has certainly been above the Newmarket level, for although the "cattle" engaged were about as good at Lincoln and Worcester as those we saw last week on the "Heath," the competitors have been far more numerous, and the races themselves much more exciting. An incident at Worcester, on the second day, must not be passed over in silence. It appears the number of the Colonel, the winner of the Liverpool Steeple Chase this year, was put up for the Severn Bank Steeple Chase, and remained on the board several minutes, so that a good sum of money was got on Miss Dodson, another competitor, at 4 to 1. This having been satisfactorily accomplished, the Colonel's number was withdrawn, and the price of Miss Dodson jumped to 2 to 1 on her. The good thing was landed, and Mr. J. Weyman, the owner of the Colonel, fined the paltry sum of £50, being, I suppose, about a fortieth part of the nett winnings on Miss Dodson. Mr. J. Weyman should have there and then been disqualified from running any horse at the meeting. That was the proper remedy for such a trick. But, perhaps, I am too hard upon the poor fellow; he may have been at Newmarket last week, and *been under the impression he was still on the Heath*. With such an excuse the stewards would have been bound to have dismissed the case, for it was not half or a quarter so bad as the Laird and Mysotis affair at the Second October Meeting, and *that* had been passed over by the Jockey Club, if not with applause, certainly with silent admiration!

The Liverpool Autumn Meeting will engage the attention of the sporting world for four days next week, the *race* of the Meeting, the Cup, being reserved for the last day, for the reason, I suppose, that were it decided on the Wednesday, no one would remain for the next two days leather-flapping. Beyond throwing out a hint that Indian Ocean will win the Liverpool Nursery, I shall not dissect any of the minor events, as they are made up on the day, and arranged for accordingly.

The Liverpool Cup has obtained the wretched number of 43 acceptances out of the 100 entered—as great a failure, perhaps, as the Admiral's two great handicaps, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. It is a most difficult race to venture an opinion on, as the right money seldom goes on until a few hours before the race, and yet I am writing now, a week before it is decided. If, therefore, I have any reason to alter my selection I shall make it known in the advertisement column above the leader in the *Sportsman* of Thursday next.

The Liverpool Cup has the appearance of being a "real good thing" for every animal left in it. They are all flattered; 30 of them at least for milking purposes, and one or two, to give them a chance of pulling through. Blue Gown is as well in as anything, but then Sir Joseph Hawley has two others—Siderolite and Lictor—whose chances look quite as rosy. I believe myself Lictor will be the chosen one, for he won the trial this week, and the money is all right about him at present. On public form, Siderolite should walk in, for did he not beat Midsummer, who defeated Boulogne by ten lengths, who defeated the Derby winner at 7lbs.? But then Midsummer *was a favourite* when he knocked under to him, so perhaps too much weight must not be attached to that performance. Lictor can stay the course, for he won the Berkshire Stakes last year, giving Wild Briar 5lbs. over a mile and a half, the same distance he will have to travel next Friday. His performances this year have not been very bright, it is true, but he has had heavy weights to carry, and here he has only 7st. If Sir Joseph wins the Cup I think it will be with Lictor. Romping Girl is not sound, or would possess a great chance, and I cannot stand Formosa after her previous performances last year. Lady Henriette, on her French Cesarewitch form, should run well; but I think she will meet her master in this race. For Cecil, Martyrdom, and Taraban I have no sort of fancy, and Charnwood and Goodwood are cripples. George Osbaldeston has about 5lbs. too much weight, but Ploughboy, if he carries Mr. Gilby's money, will run a great horse. Van Amburgh is wonderfully well in; and if he possessed any chance in the Cambridgeshire with 8st. 3lbs., and he was backed as if he had, he must be very dangerous here with 11lbs. less on his back. Epworth and Viscount, on public form, are not in it; but Argyle, if he is the trusted one of the Middleham division, must be kept on the safe side; and I certainly prefer his chance to that of his stable companion, Good Hope. The Duke of Beaufort, an old friend of mine, ran very well at Newmarket last week; and it seems he can run well with anything under 8st. on his back. Mr. Brayley has another one in—Lily; and whichever he goes for must possess a great chance, as the mare has run very well this season, and is chucked in with 6st. 8lbs. Fair Wind's time must almost have come, but yet the stable makes no sign. Lord Freddy's stable commission for the Cambridgeshire turned out very badly, and how such a clever hand could have gone for such a wretch as the Prior is beyond my comprehension. He will perhaps do better with his own horse, Fair Wind, this time; should he be backed before the day, the commission should be followed, for if he tries there will be nothing else in the race.

John Davis was lame after the Cesarewitch, and is only left in for a blind; and of Lion King I know nothing. The Prior is a duffer, and Tribune not good enough; but Provider, if he runs up to his Cesarewitch form, must certainly be in the hunt. Flora is let in with 6st. 2lbs.—a nice weight, certainly, for a four-year old. She ought to be shot if she runs and does not win, and the same remark applies to Phantom; but I dare not trust him again when I call to mind the Cesarewitch fiasco.

Cocoanut cannot get the distance, and although Lopez may turn out the better of Mr. Hughes's two, I do not think, after what we have lately seen of him, he is good enough to win.

Sylva has played the wolf too often for me to trust her, and Albania will find her company too good for her, even with 6st. on her back. Atonement must give way to the Duke of Beaufort, and Robin Hood, although I am told a very good-looking horse, has no public performance to recommend him. Walmer, once fancied for the Derby, is a strapping fine chesnut horse, and on his running with Silenus in the spring, ought to walk in with 5st. 12lbs.—my only fear is that no boy will be able to ride him; without that fear I should plump for him, as he is best in of anything in the "race." I now come to the summing up. Lictor, Van Amburgh, Fairwind, Argyle, Mr. Brayley's selected one, Flora, and Walmer, I consider to be the pick of the Handi

cap, and reducing that lot still further, I shall expect to see

ARGYLE

registered the winner next Friday of the last great Handicap of the season. Walmer has only to be backed in earnest to be a "moral."

ON THE RIVER.

THAMES *v.* TYNE.

WE have only time to record the result of this great struggle between North and South. As we expected, the North countrymen won with comparative ease. There is no doubt that the North were the stronger crew, and, unless very inferior in style, strength must tell over a course of four miles. These home and home matches are a great mistake, especially when the distance in both instances is nearly the same. Barring accidents, the Tyne will win again, although possibly the Thames will make a better race of it over the other course. But the interest in the match is over. We cannot help a feeling of regret at the result, for no better man than Kelly ever "pulled off a shirt"; but he is stale, and Renforth just in his prime. The style of neither crew was by any means first-rate, but that of the Thames was much better adapted for a shorter course. There is very little doubt that the former race was a fluke. Of the Thames pluck there can be no question, but northern air is the best tonic for training.

A SPORTING "CLEARING HOUSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

SIR,—Few indeed of the men who are accustomed to bet at all extensively fail to find their betting-book a source of infinite trouble and perplexity. Sometimes they cannot read it; sometimes they cannot understand it, or cannot contrive to disentangle the involved congeries of odds taken and laid, of hedging bets, and "cross bets," and bets upon "double events," so as to obtain any precise knowledge as to how they really "stand" upon any race, or series of races. The entries are often made in a hurry, or in moments of excitement. They get confused, or the writing is so rubbed or blotted as to have become almost undecipherable. Then it is not everybody who can command the ready use of figures. An arithmetical head is not placed between every pair of shoulders. And more than mere arithmetic is wanted. Some faculty of organization, and habitudes of order and practice in the various methods which make up what to so many people are the mysteries of account keeping, are also indispensable. Nor is even this all. As it takes two men to make a bet, both must possess all these gifts and graces, in order to keep their respective betting-books in regular order. How seldom this is the case may be tested by what always occurs when books are "compared" before any of the great race weeks of the season—an operation perfectly necessary, no doubt, but absorbing the greater part of a day, which every one will agree could, to say the least of it, be more pleasantly spent.

Now, a system borrowed, with proper alteration, from the "clearing house" of the railway and the banks might easily be devised, which would save all this trouble and confusion, and be at the same time very simple to work, very inexpensive in maintenance, and involve no risk or responsibility whatever to anybody. Such a system we will now proceed to describe. At the foundation lies the betting-book itself.

The "office," so to call it for shortness, would issue to subscribers special betting books, of compact and handsome form, containing (say) 100 leaves, each stamped with the owner's name, so that the book will be available to himself only. Each leaf comprises a "foil" and counter-foil, and is so perforated that the former can be readily torn out. On the foil are ready printed or engraved in skeleton all the words that can be so introduced, leaving nothing but the indispensable blanks to be filled in at the time. The ofrmula would be a very simple one, and a blank foil would look like this, with the addition of any ornamental borderings and flourishes that might be found desirable:—

JOHN SMITH

Bets £.....:
To £ .....
On .....
Against .....
For the .....
Done with, ...
..... 1869.
Signed.....

The name in black letter would, of course, be hand-stamped upon every leaf when Mr. Smith applied for a new betting book. When filled up, the foil would show like this, the small capitals signifying the name, figures, and other conditions of the bet:—

JOHN SMITH

Bets £100
To £700
On SIDEROLITE
*Against**
For the LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.
Done with, GEORGE JONES.
5th Nov., 1869.
Signed, JOHN SMITH.

* The Bettor draws his pen through the word he does not want.

The counterfoil has also corresponding words inscribed and blanks left, to help Smith in making a "mem." for his own service.

Armed with these books, whenever Smith made a bet with Jones, he would fill up a foil, such as we have delineated, tear it out of the book, and give it him; Jones, on his part, handing over a foil, describing the bet as it stands on his side. Then there are put up at all the sporting clubs—in some hotels—everywhere, in short, which may suit the convenience of the betting fraternity—locked boxes, with slits like letter-boxes, into which Smith, Jones, and all the rest put their foils at any hour of the day or night. These boxes are cleared every morning at ten o'clock by a clerk, who carries the collected "foils" to the office, where they are sorted and entered, and, in fact, put to rights generally.

In addition to his "betting book," every member has a "pass book," like a banker's pass book, into which all his transactions, so far as they are represented by the foils that reach the office are duly transcribed. Whenever he pleases he sends this book to be "made up," and then finds all his various speculations put down in regular and intelligible order. If there is any mistake, or omission or discrepancy of any sort, his attention is at once drawn to it, and he has then opportunity of rectifying the error, on whichever side it may lie. With these exceptions—and they are not likely to be frequent—he need take no further trouble. His "pass book" speaks for itself. He can, at all times, learn from it exactly how he stands, and is entirely spared the tedious and troublesome ordeal of "comparing books" before any of the more important events come off.

With all this, there is nothing compulsory or inquisitorial in the process. No betting man is constrained to reveal any secrets he may wish to keep, or to "show his hand" in any way. Messrs. Smith and Jones, for example, may make bets to any extent with other parties, or even between themselves, without letting the "office" know anything about the matter. Everything is left to their own discretion.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

A KNOWING CARD.

THE DEATH OF THE FALCON.

A WEFT.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

"The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing;
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray."

"ROOK SHOT;"—such was the term used by the Press in describing the size of the pellets which formed the fatal charge, with which the Fiend Henson gained a very poor, paltry victory over DEATH. Rejoice not you "Salt-Stucco" and "Brillville" backsliders! I do not mean that creature met by "RAB," when todlin down on Willie's Mill, setting his staff wi' a' his skill, to keep him sicker; tho' leeward whyles, against his will, he took a bicker—

"I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither,
Lay, large an' lang.

. . . . . .

It spak right howe—'My name is Death;
But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
Ye're may be come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!'"

"Courteous," "gentle," or "kind reader"—whichsoever approach may best suit your vein—I allude to that poor "creature" the Ruffian's Paramour! But what is "Rook Shot"? Is it No. 3 or No. 4? I myself have killed the thievesh rascals on the wing, stone dead, at 40 yards with No. 8; and the quist, or woodpigeon, by good forward shooting, I have brought to the ground lifeless, at a greater distance, with *dust* shot; the charge one ounce; the propelling power three drachms of the coarse cylinder powder, and which, at the same close proximity, would have made as fatal a rent in the heart of Maria Death as "Rook Shot." But what has this to do with "the tow'ring hawk," or a "Weft"? Impatient devils! this is only the proem. Now I shall spin the yarn; "weave the web, and weave the woof." "My noble sportsmen"! this paper is simply an essay on SHOT—a sporting reminiscence!

It was on New Year's Day in 1851 (Teddington's year) that I found myself by 9.30 a.m. at the corner of Langham Copse, on the verge of the downs of sunny Sussex. I am certain it was not on that day of Valentine when birds of kind, their paramours with mutual chirpings find; but yet the thrustles shrill the bramble bush had long forsook; and the mountain lark with early strain the morn had greeted, and the welkin sheen invoked!

I had arranged to meet my favourite friend Frank Fuller, the farmer so frank and free, for a day on the Downs, through the prickly gorse and juniper, the cruel thorns, the remorseless "lawyers," and the innocent ferns, to rattle two couples and a half of wire-haired Beagles. I was before my time, but I could hear, or fancied I heard, his melodious rating of the hounds, in couple, as he climbed the Westburton steep or coombe. But his halloo, when he reached the chalky plain with slender verdure clad, assured me of his near approach, and a metallic echo answered, "Here!" Dear old Frank! How cheerily he sang at our little gatherings "A Southerly Wind" and "Tom Moody"; with what pathos did he give us "Old Towler"; and what a vein of humour flowed through his rendering of "Robin Roughead"! But now his silver note is still; his cheerful voice is silent on the hill! He has been for some fifteen years past beneath the grassy turf. Alas! that *friends* should ever die!

I was loading as Frank and his son Tom, accompanied by the Westburton neighbour with his choice little pack, "cam o'er the hills." I glory in being minute. The little weapon I shot with was 2ft. 6in. in the barrels, and 16 guage; releasing triggers, with outside safety-guards to the hammers. She was built by Edwin Ladmore, of Hereford, the very best workman of his day in England—bar none. The barrels were what is

known as "silver steel," and they were forged by a drunken little vagabond at Wolverhampton, who in his vocation was at the top of the tree, and who had a sort of bar-rest between each job. He received six guineas, in advance, for a pair of barrels in the rough, and never touched another job until he had exhausted, in hard drinking, the remittance, and was on the verge of destitution. The bar locks were Brazier Brothers' best; with a sweet, oily Manton-tone which would send you to sleep; the engraving of the plates, artistic to perfection; the subjects, Pluto and Juno, setter and black cock, and red grouse, all from Daniel's rural sports. The furniture seemed to have taken root with the walnut, so beautifully was it fitted, and a gold shield with initial letter completed *her* attire. She registered a wonderfully close and killing centre at 40 yds., and a keeper once observed to me, when shooting in cover on a frosty morning with a crisp air, "I could tell her 'ring' amongst twenty doubles." She weighed exactly 6¾lbs., and, speaking of her barrels, Fred Sharpe, the gunsmith at Arundel (a clever, practical workman, who could forge the locks for his most expensive orders, and was also a fine pigeon and wild-fowl shot) was accustomed to declare that in the Exhibition of 1851 he searched in vain, both in the English and Belgian courts, to discover such fine figure, such magnificent welding, and such richly-blended metal.

Well, I had just given her her "gruel"—3 drachms of cylinder powder (similar to what is now known as No. 5 rifle powder) and one ounce of No. 8 patent shot to each barrel, and was in the act of sending home a thick pink-edged wad, when the following prediction, in coarse notes, caught my ears, "Yu'll n'are stop fur nor feather at 30 yards with them 'are doses, in that 'are popgun." I capped the "Vixen," as I termed her, before I turned to see from whence the prophecy proceeded. It came from Master Cloddipole, the self-sufficient son of Farmer Knowall, who, through the kindness of Frank, was to form one of our party. Now I could not bandy words with ignorance; my mind was not at that time in the frame. He would not have received or understood my theory that velocity is power, and that at 40 yds. the velocity, or power (which is the same thing), of No. 8 shot was equal to No. 4 at the same distance. He would not have accepted my argument that inasmuch as each of my barrels held 480 pellets, whilst a charge of No. 4 only numbered 200, a bird struck by the fine centre of the "Vixen" would bleed from many wounds, whilst only one or two pellets of No. 4 at that distance would strike the object; and if not in a vital part, the game (say a partridge) would fly beyond the bounds, and languish in the adjoining parish. With small shot (7 or 8) I could always fill my bag quicker, and with less spoil and waste than with larger pellets, and it should be borne in mind that where one is killed at 40 yds., 500 are dropped at 25 yds., in ordinary shooting. Cloddipole's piece (of ordnance) came to the ground with a "thud" that was a caution for gout or corns, and he proceeded to load in his own way. *She* must have weighed at the least 11 lbs., and he dosed her after his own peculiar recipe—viz., from a horn flask with a screw top, he gave her as much diamond dust as would have filled the bowl of a Broseley churchwarden; and with the same measure he meted to her a cargo of lead, which must have been composed of "whistlers," or B.B. I glanced at the barrels; they had no real twist, but were striped, like a tiger, with a thick varnish—a magnificent providence in construction, as an equivalent for quality had made them like a fold-bar with the centre drilled out; and the powder, obtained from the village chandler, was in its strength, a life preserver, and altogether suited to the occasion. The furniture? It was blown into its place! The locks? My teeth are now on edge at the bare thought of the sound! When "Cloddi" put the hammers on full cock, it seemed to me like a solitary mason rasping a slab from a Portland block of stone with the aid of grit (not gin) and water. I may sum up the quality of the "tool" thus: Years ago Birmingham sent forth to Africa cargoes of guns termed "park paling." Six shillings per gun was the wholesale price, and was the price of a slave—a human being! Of this class of manufacture Cloddi's blunderbuss was the type.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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OF THE

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Advertisements.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL REPORT AND QUINQUENNIAL LIFE INVESTIGATION.

The Report and accounts for the year 1868, presented to the Shareholders at the ANNUAL MEETING, on THURSDAY, 27th May, 1869, at which BERNHARD HALL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, presided, showed, in the

LIFE BRANCH,

That 565 Policies had been completed and issued, insuring the sum of	£235,246
Yielding in New Premiums	6,697
That there was added to the Life Fund a sum equal to 69 per cent. of the net premiums, viz.	25,313
Increasing that Fund from £84,840 to..	110,153

IN THE

FIRE BRANCH,

That the Premiums for 1868, after deducting re-insurances, amounted to £122,129, being an increase of £18,141 on the net income of 1867.

A portion of the balance at the disposal of the Shareholders was appropriated in payment of a Dividend of 7 per cent.

The Fire Reserve Fund was increased to £80,000 by the addition of £4,671.

And the sum of £3,133 was carried forward to next year's Accounts.

A Bonus averaging 40 per cent. of the Premiums paid was declared to holders of ordinary participating Life Policies.

THE INCOME OF THE COMPANY was shown to be £217,976, and THE FUNDS IN HAND £433,464.

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I am, Sir, yours truly,

Mr. J. G. McGEE. (Signed) W. EYRE M. SHAW.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by CHARLES H. VINCENT, OPTICIAN, of 23, WINDSOR STREET, LIVERPOOL) consists of a TELESCOPE well adapted for Tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent MICROSCOPE of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of Post Office Order or Stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one. ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

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With a Portrait of Lord Henry Paget.

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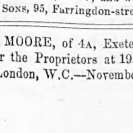
TRADE  MARK.

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